SYLLABUS

OF

CUBRATIONS:

WITH A

EDICATION

TO

FIVE ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

LONDON:

for R. FAULDER, NEW-BOND-STREET.

MDCCLXXX.

A

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OF

LECTURATIONS:

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DEDICATION

TO

FIVE ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY T. RAYNER, KING-LANE STRAND.
MDCCLXXX.

TO

MESSRS.

WILKES,

FOX AND KEPPEL,

SIR HUGH PALLISER,

AND

LORD GEORGE GORDON.

FRIENDS AND COUNTRYMEN---GREAT WORTHY AND MOST NOBLE!

AT this very awful period——this most dangerous and most horrific of all possible conjunctures, public or private; at this fell and threatening crisis—this sadest of all traditional pauses, Jewish, Pagan, Christian and Turkish—such as Chinese, nor infidel, nor modern Englishman ever knew or heard of; at this crisis, I say, when the great and mighty empire of Britain no longer stands inflexible upon it's once glorious and wide-extended base; but, by the eminent progress and *celebrity* of skilful miners,

 totters,

totters, ſhakes and nods it's head; when the ſituation of, corruption and miſmanagement in, public affairs, authoriſe and call aloud for high treaſon, ſedition, riots, univerſal diſcord, repulſion, and war—civil and religious; when genuine and unequivocal licentiouſneſs, ſcorning to ſkulk, ſtalks forth majeſtically and *magiſterially*, to ſcourge a vile, degenerate and damnable crew: While every ſpecies of ſubordination is legally and wiſely diſregarded by the magnanimous leaders of aſſociations, thoſe ſons of oratory—the vociferous chairmen of Committees—ſhall I look on with the placid eye of neutral compoſure, and view the melancholy overthrow, the tremendous downfall of an illuſtrious kingdom? Shall I retire to the diſtant hill, and glut the ſight with the wreck of liberty, the ruins of fam'd Britannia? Hark!—methinks I hear the voice of our renowned forefathers ſound the negative tone—methinks I hear the Britiſh worthies, thoſe heroes of antiquity, who labour'd and bled in raiſing up the ſacred ſuperſtructure——Me thinks I hear them cry No! with ſonorous tremulation:—Then, hence

all

all vain purſuits and animal pleaſure—hence the partner of my bed; hence my children; hence the *luſcious* delights of the table, the ſprightly gaiety of jocund mirth, the loud laugh and cheering converſation; hence the opera, the play, the maſquerade—hence ſcience—hence the fine arts—Nay, hence the turf, the bagnio, cards, dice, women, wine, and all the localities of gay intrigue and letcherous aſſignation—By red Mars and ſweaty Vulcan! hence every mental amuſement and corporal indulgence—Let me fly to the Robinhood, Foſter-Lane, the Forum, Carliſle Houſe—to every manſion of patriotic declamation!

And, now, ye worthy and eternal patriots, whoſe orations and exploits ſhall render Fame a very bankrupt, and leave her not a trumpet unſhiver'd—let me ſhake hands, let me conjoin and partake of your great, your meritorous, your god-like labours!—with thee I'll live, with thee I'll die—Nay more—like thee, I'll laugh at power and ſcorn the the threat of kings——For LIBERTY my blood ſhall flow—Yes, My very blood!

And first——O Jack—to thee, to thee let me ſpeak!—But here, alas, how unequal to the taſk do I feel myſelf!——In brief, Jack, what, in the grand career of animal liberty, in the maze of magna charta patriotiſm, haſt thou not atchieved? Thou, ſteady, brave, and moſt heroic Jack, haſt play'd the very devil with King and Parliament—Nay, the very conſtitution thou wouldſt have ript up and analized.

What haſt thou not ſaid in thy beſt, thy gentleſt of all political works, the North Briton? What ſublimity of thought—what freedom of ſentiment—what liberality of mind—what charity and generoſity of heart—Thou beſt of ſouls!

Thou, dear Jack, has been reviled, buffetted and outlawed——Yet, to prove thyſelf as arrant a philoſopher as ever pagan ſoil could boaſt of, thou, unfetter'd from mother prejudices and the barbarous ſuperſtition of the multitude, haſt laugh'd at religion, and kick'd morality out o' doors.—Braving dangers, and all the ſtorms of power, by the immaculate wiſdom of thy compatriots, and the grateful hearts of thy fellow citizens, thou art now raiſed to an eaſy, eminent

and

and lucrative Poſt.——May thy faculties never be obtunded till thy careaſe can hold them no longer; and may thy perſeverance in the good Old Cauſe be crown'd with a merited recompence in the future ſtate of reward and puniſhment.

Fox, my friend Fox—Thou Demoſthenes of the age! How can I, a very wretch, dare to addreſs myſelf to thee? Where, and in what copious dictionary ſhall I aſſemble and congregate epithets, emblems, ſymbols, allegories, figurative phraſes, and ſounds of proper pith, ſpirit, energy, colouring and pathos, to depict, to give but ſome faint outline, ſome rude etching of the gigantic powers of thy vaſt ſoul—of thy creative fancy, thy capacious memory, thy deep underſtanding, thy judgment, and endleſs erudion?——How ſhall I, who am neither ſkill'd in deſcriptive arts, nor the ſecrets of cunning workmen, preſume to diſplay the magic of thy wind-pipe, thy larynx, thy glotis and epiglotis, thy quadrangle-edged tongue, thy mouth and *lips* perſwaſive ☞ thoſe gates of Erebus!—— How is it poſſible to imitate the various contractions, relaxations, motions and commotions, harmonic

monic and diſcordant, of thy mental ſign and ſign poſt?——If I was to go on and ſay—Fox! Thou rattleſnake of eloquence—thou ſcorpion of wit—thou ſpider of fine ſpeeches—thou dog of declamation—thou aſs of——why, how ridiculous it would be!——Long life to the ſonorous and fat chairman of the Committee!

KEPPEL—illuſtrious man—of Britiſh Admirals the moſt immortal—Keppel, thy fame ſhall never die!——When old Time, ſome thouſand years to come, ſhall play his ancient tricks, and plunge poſterity in all the chaos of barbarous ignorance; when no tradition ſhall be preſerved amongſt them, but by ſome rude imitations of Egyptian hieroglyphicks, HISTORY, dropping a tear, ſhall recline upon ſome monument of noble ruin--pluck from her witherd boſom a ſolitary page—hand it to Fame, who ſhall ſound, "This is Keppel, the renouned Keppel! who, as an Admiral in the ſervice of your ancient Kings, with a very unequal fleet, braving ſtorms, lee ſhores, and long dark nights, ſcourg'd the Bourbon Flag, preſerv'd the Empire of the ſea, and waſted ſafe into her ports, Britannia's ample commerce!"

mercé!" ☞ in commemoration of which glorious deeds he got a ſnuff-box from Jack Wilkes and the Citizens of London.

Next, PALLISER of thee I'll ſing ☞ what! ſing in proſe—next, Palliſer, of thee I'll boaſt!

On yonder ſurviving dome, amidſt the ruins of a great and once famous city——On yonder dome, whoſe maſſy columns ſtill brave the teeth of Time——whoſe ample concave erſt did wave the ſwelling peals of Harmony——where the full-ton'd organ, ſounding *Heaven*, made *Gods* of men—while Angels ſtopt to liſten!—On yonder moulder'd dome ſits HISTORY, in gloomy ſtate and tatter'd garment—drawing from her bankrupt pouch the laſt *great* page of all her labour: FAME ſnatch'd it from her, and with *ſtaring* eye, looked *greedy*!——They gaz'd at one another!

Laſt, but not the leaſt in my eſteem and true affection, my Lord G. GORDON, I would commune with thee.

To clear away the back ground of the picture you and your worthy confederates may anon exhibit, it is neceſſary to conſider and weigh with accuracy, the cauſes and conſequences of all religious wars and ſyſtematical perſecutions,

from

from the year of our Lord 33, by the Jews, down to 361, by Julian the Apoſtate; and thence, in gradation, till right reaſon began to emerge from the clouds of gothic darkneſs and fanatical barbarity——but, when I reflect upon your Lordſhip's erudition, I bluſh for giving this hint. Whether the Chriſtian religion (the moſt placid, the moſt charitable and humane, yet the moſt famous of all others for feats of human ſlaughter and butchery) has produced greater rivers of men, women, and children's blood, and more horrible maſſacres in France, Germany, &c. than in Great Britain and Ireland, would ſeem to be a matter of no moment to you and your aſſociates. Your ſyſtem, tenets and dogmas, perhaps, may tend to exceed all hiſtorical examples——Here my preliminary was interrupted by a member of Parliament, Sir Airchy M'Pherſon a countryman, whaw came in to ſpeer for his Lordſhip, and whaw began and proceeded thus.—

Gude mornin' to yir Lordeſhip—yir Lordeſhip kens very weel that I'm nae Kirk o' Englan' man—Whaw me!—d'ye ſee? I wudna' be ony ither nor a Kirk o' Scoatlan' man for the very ſaul o' me!—but yir Lordeſhip an' meſel' mun gang on wi' cow-

ſh'on

ſh'on——O but it's a braw, thyng, Geordy, in oor Kirk, to hear the dowmine ſyng oot the lyne; an' than the miniſter prays; an' than preaches a braw diſcoorſe frae's ain mooth; an' than the dowmine gees oot the lyne agen; an' than we get a bleſſin'; an' than we a' gang heme to fill oor wymes wi' Kale an' Fleſh an' Tippinny.—At e'en again, Geordy, after ſermon, we dinna gang aboot like a pack o' Whures an' graceleſs fallows, as ye doe here in Englan'—We read the wurde o' Gode, laud—tack oor ſuppers; ſay our prayers; gang to bed; play wi' oor ain Maggies——an' than a' lay oor heeds upon oor codes, an' fa' aſleep till mornin'.

In gude troth, me Lorde, I dinna' like yir Kirk o' Englan' wi' their jauber—lauber—jaubering—hoot upon it, laud!——an' as for the Paipiſh being ſettl'd amon' us by acks o' Paurlement—O gin I had but poore, luck ye, I'd ſcaw them a' wi' plottin' ſkink, gaw their creigs wi' tether baunds, an' ſyne ſcouther them a' upon a braw bane fire!—O that I had but a grip o' North an' a Biſhop or twa juſt noo, ſee ye! I'd dadd an' creeſh

thir haffits, an' thud thir fat wymes wi' my nive till they piſht, an ſartit, an' fyld a' thir breeks!

Auh! Geordy, Geordy—may the ſavin' grace o' our Loide lyght upo' ye——an' may ye gar a' mankynd thynk as ye doe——an' dinna', for the love o' Chryſt, admit o' ony tolleration. O gin I wur as fyne a man as ye'r, I'd gar them a' ken I was a Scoatſman! I'd mack them a boo, ſee ye, to the noble hooſe o' Gordon!

Me Lorde, I wud ſpeak to yir Lordſhip in preevit—come cloſe to me, an' hadd yir lug till I whuſpir intilt—*Tack care o' yir pooch, laud—an' dinna ye peiy awa' yir ain ſiller aboot adverteeſements i' the Nooſe—dinna ye fill thir wymes for naething—gar them mack gatherins at a' the porch doors, o' a' the kirks in toon and cuntry—an' gin ye'll mack me Treferir, I'ſe tack care o' a' the ſiller.*

Me Lorde, I wud ha' yir Lordeſhip to get Maiſter Wulkes an' Chairly Foxe to gi' in the peteeſhin to the Hooſe; an' gin ye can get the Marquiſh o' Rockinum and the Dyuck o' Boleton to ſyne the Vritt, it'll be a' the better for't. The Dyuck—poor man!—tyn'd the ſtaurn poſte

poſte o's ſhip aence, an' wus obleeg'd to flee for't; but, me Lorde, he's a braw man in the Hooſe for a' that.

As for Kæpil, ſee ye, an' Palliſhir, I dinna ken what to ſay——Kæpel's a gude an' honeſt man, me Lorde; but, he greets—an' a greetin' man, yir Lordeſhip kens, winna' doe ſur oor cauſe.——Palliſhir, daum' im!—he's a *fallow*, luck ye, that'll ſair the preſent Meeniſtry, an' feight for's cuntry—he's a laung heeded chield that— an' cares naething at a' aboot ithir fouck's creed an' reliegin ſae be he can enjoy's ain—— he'll no' doe, my Lorde.

As for the Dyucks o' Richmun, Grafftin, an' Dyuck *Hairy*—as he ca's himſell—we'll no faſh oor ſells aboot them. The twa firſt are kin to braw blood; an' as for the ither—hadd yir lug, *he's no worth's Saut.* The Dyuck o' Richmun, me Lorde, is juſt noo, ſee ye, learnin' the ſheeince o' Forteefeekaiſhin; an' is tacking plans o' a' the Braes an' Hees, an' Hows, an' Wudds, an' Reevers, in an' aboot a' the ſee Coaſs—wud to Gode he'd tack as muckle pains about the daum'd Paipiſh Ack!

An'

An' noo, me Lorde, I'ſe bid ye fairweel—— But yir Lordeſhip mun gi' me a ſnuff firſt.—— Gode keep's! me Lorde, that's a Horne—auh! but it's a bonny mull tho'——yir Lordeſhip hiſna got ſic a braw boxe as Audmiral Kæpel—The Admiral tacks Straſhbrough—— the Dutch has a ſpeerit in't——wha' doots? But oor ain Scoats, laud, an' a' the Breetiſh ſnuffs, ha' ſic' a pith, an' *ænirgy* in them, ſee ye, that they gar a' *ſneeſh* again!——

Gode bliſh ye, me Lorde——an' yir Lordſhip'll no forget me gin they ſhud ha' need o' a ſpeaker in the Hooſe. Exit.

Juſt as Sir Airchy went away, in came a warlike and venerable figure, Colonel Campbell, of the Highlanders, with a bred ſwurd oonder his airm, an' a mull in's hand.

Me Lorde (quoth the Colonel) by the face of this Gentleman——Sir, y'll excuſe me—by the face o' this Gentleman I tack him to be a Breeton; an' therefore, me Lorde, I ſhana' heſitate to deleever my ſentiments in's preſence wi' freedom

Me

Me Lorde! I ha' been a thinkin' upon, an' conſitherin' a' the conſequences o' what we're aboot in ſteerin' up releegious maitters an' ripin' up auld ſores at a time, ſee ye, whan a' the ancient ſpeerit and blood o' the three Kingdoms ſhou'd be uneeted to ſtretch oot an airm that a' the hooſe o' Burbun ſhudna' boo, nor cruck!

Me Lorde! for whuch reaſon, I'm noo come to tell yir Lordeſhip, as an honeſt man, that the name of Donald Campbell, ſee ye, ſhall be damn'd to a' eternity!—afore it appear upon ony Liſt that diſgraces leeberal ſociety, offends the generous heart, an' creates the moſt dangerous o' a' diſſentions amon' the people.

Me Lorde——In Monarchies conſtituted like oors, oppoſition to meeniſtry neceſſar'ly occurs. Oppoſition to arbitrary, weak, or unjuſt meaſures of adminiſtration; and to the undue influence and ambitious poore of the croon, implies a virtuous, a manly expoſtulation, an honourable contention, in the preple, defending the aggregate enjoyment of eſtabliſhed laws, releegion, life, property and conſtitutional lee-

leeberty; conſequantly, oppoſition, in a' ithir caſes, muſt betoken a perverſity o' mainners, a bad heart, an' a preevation of a' the great principles that characſtereeze the *gude* and *honeſt* man!

Me Lorde, a juſt and laudable oppoſition will ſoon ſhew its merit, its ooteelity; but, a wanton, wicked and ill tim'd one, only ſerves to diſgrace and injure the kingdom, to leſſen the dignity, an' tarniſh the luſtre o' the Croon; to draw the contemp o' gude men, an' the curſe o' *Gode* upon a' it's members!

The Breetiſh Senate noo o' days, me Lorde, is no like the ancient Senates o' Lacedemon, o' Aithens an' o' Rume. Senates then, wur Senates moſt godlike and upright! At the name of—— *Country*—the heart o' ilka member *warm'd* wi' love an' *glow'd* wi' Valour!

Me Lorde, at ſic a time as this, whun the Land o' Breeton, where Glory *yet* an' Splendour, ſhall bleze, an' daizle the een——this land o' manly freedom an' nervous leeberty, ſae deer to a' oor Fore faithers——this happy ſoil, whence honeſt greatneſs, generous toleration, an' God-

like

like charity ſpring!——When this *Land*, I ſay, is noo ſtruggling againſt the pooreſou confederacy o' a' Europe, an' oor ain bairns in America, wud it be right, wud it be generous an' politic, think ye, to clogg the wheels, an' binn'd the haun's o' Government?——

Gordon! at ſic a time as this, it wunna' do!

In room o' macking fine play-hooſe diſcoorſes upo' what we ha', an' ha' no' done——In place o' *Foxes*, an' *ſic* brutes, deluding the honeſt multitude, and filling their unwary hearts ſou o' infatuating, enthuſiaſtical, ſedeetious an' rebellious principles.——Inſtead o' a' this metapheefical confuſion, me Lorde, let's form a mighty Phalanx—let's poo the ſwurd frae'ts ſcawburt—an' wi' ae haund an' ae heart, let's a' cry——Gode ſave King George, an' a' the Hooſe o' Brunſweek! *Exeunt omnes.*

PRESBETIR' SOSHEEITY.

By the Grace an' mercy o' Gode——His Lordſhip i' the Poopit—In the eer o' oor Saw-

vior

vior ae Thoofan', ſeevin hundir, and aughty—Februar' the Twunty ſaxe.

ADVERTEESEMENT.

To a' Gentlemen vollinteers an' ithers, able an' wullin' to draw thir ſwurds in defence o' thir ain Releegion——vritten in the anſhint Langitch o' the Kings o' Scotlan', frae whuch a' ither Tungs are dereev'd.

Whereas, *nemine contradiſhente*, this is to wut an' let ye a' ken, that it's reſolv'd to gather the githet a Ceevil Airmy o' ſtoot Lauds an' rawbaen'd Chields, to coontirack the poor o' Gowvernmint—gin ye'll ca' ony mornin', aboot parritch time, at the Syne o' that *gude* man, Oliver Crummul, an' the Bloody Heed o' King Chairly—in Fleſher-Raw, facin' the Syne o' a' the Furies—ye'ſe enter into preſent peiy, gude claeſe, quartirs, an' foo wymes.

N. B. The wurds, "on legal and conſtitutional grounds," mun be faſten'd on a' the timmer

mer brodes, wi' tackits, at the fit o' ilka adver-teesement.

*** Twa pund scoats to ony body that sall bring a recrute.

By Order o' the Cowmitee.
Sir Airchy M'Pherson,
SECRETIR.

COMMITTEES OF ECONOMY.

☞ UNDER THE ROSE.

RESOLVED,

I. That the People of this Kingdom, and indeed, of all Countries, viz. The Multitude—Plebeians! consisting of farmers, traders, mechanicks, labourers, &c. being grosly ignorant, ever credulous, and, of course, easily led by the nose, *id est*, deluded, are perfectly satisfied with the rectitude of our system.

II. To intimidate, stun, remove and replace, By OURSELVES, the present set of Ministers, Placemen, and Pensioners.

III. To favour, as *hitherto* done, Invaſion—— and the Independency of America.

IV. That in caſe of Conqueſt, we are certain of moſt diſtinguiſhed poſts, continuation of hereditary rights and poſſeſſions, and immenſe ſums ariſing from Confiſcations.

V. If, after the accompliſhment of all theſe glorious events, the people ſhould murmur, and think themſelves betrayed—why, they may be DAMN'D!

VI. And laſtly, That reſolution *firſt* is the foundation and ſafe-guard of our conſpiracy; *ſecond, third* and *fourth*, are the grand motives of our perſeverance: And, reſolution *fifth*, is the refined, and free thinking, principle, of our hearts.

N. B. From that candour inſeparable from honour and truth, the Editor thinks it his duty, to inform the public, that there are ſome exceptionable and moſt worthy, yet, *faſcinated*, characters, among the above conſpirators.

POSTSCRIPT.

POSTSCRIPT.

IN FULL CONGRESS OF ECONOMY.

AND

APOSTOLICK GRAVITY:

PATRIOTISM, in the Chair—REFORMATION, Deputy.

UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVED,

I. THAT, Admiral Sir George Brydges Rodney, is not fit to be, nor ſhould be, *INTRUSTED*, with the Command of any Squadron of his Majeſty's Navy.

1ſt. Becauſe, regardleſs of the ſafety of his Majeſty's ſhips—in conformity to the principles of that

that damn'd arch knave, Lord Sandwich—regardleſs of the urgent neceſſity of ſuccouring Gibraltar—and, then, *haſtening* to the Weſt Indies—for the preſervation of thoſe invaluable Iſlands—the right hand of Great Britain——He, being a needy, wretched, and deſperate, Inſolvent, has protracted his voyage, and expoſed his ſquadron to the moſt imminent dangers, in the baſe purſuit of perſonal gain—examplified in the paultry capture of a Fleet of *Wrecks*, loaded with *Lumber!*

2 Becauſe, Jan 16th—one, P. M.—diſcovering a Spaniſh ſquadron, off Cape St. Vincent——inſtead of proceeding agreeably to the ſyſtematical tenour of manœuvering by the methodical Science of Signals, in direct violation of the glorious conduct of that immortal man Keppel, who received the unanimous thanks of the Britiſh Senate——and bringing to his whole Fleet, to remain in a contemplative condition till next morning——when he would have had the glorious opportunity of fighting ☞ *handſomely*—and of conquering and deſtroying, every individual ſhip——He, Rodney, like a raſh, inconſiderate man—like an enraged dog, bull, lion, or other

ferocious

ferocious beaſt, nay, like a very Sir Hugh ! ruſh'd upon the Enemy, pell-mell——helter ſkelter——in a dark night, ſtormy ſky and tempeſtuous ſea ——whereby, taking the *Lee-gage*, his Royal Highneſs, the young Prince, and all his Majeſty's ſhips, were expoſed to moſt horrible danger from dreadful ſhoals, rocks, and—*Lee Shores!*

II. Contraſted with the certain loſs of the Weſt Indies——Reſolved, that all which this *madman* Rodney, and an accurſed, abandoned, illiterate and profligate, Miniſtry, have to boaſt of, upon this occaſion, is—*only* one ſhip blown up; *four*, half rotten, and ill-found, carried into Gibraltar; and *two*, with a vaſt number of our own brave officers and ſeamen, ſhipwrecked and loſt, among rocks and breakers—☞ Let no ſuch men be truſted!

III. Reſolved, That the thanks of both Houſes of Parliament, beſtowed upon this ſaid Rodney, in oppoſition to the very principles which induced them to grant applauſe, in memory of the glorious 27th of July, 78——will be an eternal infamy and diſgrace.

IV. Reſolved, That thoſe Members of either Houſe, who treacherouſly moved for the gift of

Sinecure,